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(an exclusive eye-witness account!)

SHOCKING EXPOSE:
The New Boom in White Slavery

PLUS:
A TANTALIZING
BEVY OF
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DARING
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SPICY
HUMOR





Every once in a while, the editors of SPREE suddenly find that the material selected for an issue falls into a neatly packaged category, like a heavy foreign interest issue or something singularly worth talking about, like a particularly sexy set of girls. Well this month we have such a variety that we were almost tempted to call the presentation spice.

First, George Smith retells the eye-witness account of Hitler's Death Plot, a gripping bit of history right from one of the guys who barely escaped with his life.

Meanwhile, back to the spice of life, we have not overlooked SPREE's gals. Blondes, brunettes, and pert redheads spark the old libido engines in this issue.

Want still more action? The fiction department offers a frightening ride, after a particularly passionate bed scene. And Sam Alberts portrays what happens to two young lovers on a lustful, shattering 'Double Date'.

Enough? Oh, no! There's a nostalgic piece on a now closed burlesque house, a bare-facts bit with a few words and a lot of just plain bare-busted babes.

We're especially pleased with this issue of SPREE. Agree? Disagree?





BARBARA DEE

PREFERRED:

One look at long-tressed Barbara Dee, and it's patently obvious why gentlemen (or any red-blooded guest) prefer her.

And only in a provocative pair of black silk hose, tantalizingly attached to a lacy undergarment garter, Barbara is just what any man would like to have around the house. But she's not playing!

The deal we offered (oh, let's!) was turned down and our faces were properly slapped for the effort.

"Makin' it for me," she said in a husky, delightfully toothy-bared accent, "I like the action, but I gotta pay the toll, first. What I'm looking for is a permanent deal—with ring, etc. Understood?"





ALL THE TALENTS THAT BARBARA BARES ARE
WHAT ALL PRETTY GALS HAVE—BUT THEN SOME
GIRLS ARE MORE EQUAL THAN OTHERS!







BLONDE ATOP AS THE STRAW IN THE FIELD,
THIS WINNING LASS IS EASY ON THE EYES!





ALL THE TALENTS THAT BARBARA BARES ARE WHAT ALL PRETTY GALS HAVE— BUT THEN SOME GIRLS ARE MORE EQUAL THAN OTHERS!



DRIVE INTO TERROR!

Lew Manning sipped his drink, listening to the sounds of Betty in the shower. Lew was thirty-two, a bachelor, and he'd been around. He didn't need to be hit over the head to get a point. Betty Nunn hadn't brought him here to discuss a car sale as she had pretended at noon. Whatever her real purpose, right now she was preparing for some cuddling.

Lew grinned in anticipation. To hell with the car sale, only an idiot would object to cuddling with Betty. He felt the tightening tingle in his groin that he had felt this noon when he saw Betty anking toward him with Gregory, the boss. In the belted black dress she was a sex symbol with exotic drum beats.

Her auburn hair was cut short, she had a perky nose and sensual red

(Continued on next page.)



**A JEALOUS EX-HUSBAND—WITH A GUN—WAS
ALMOST TOO MUCH ON A LONG, ONE-WAY RIDE!**

DRIVE INTO TERROR!

(Continued from previous page)

lips and smoke blue eyes. She had smiled at Lew slowly, like she had known him forever, and they shared intimate secrets.

"Miss Nunn, may I present Lew Barker, our top salesman. Lew will treat you right." Gregory smirked in the manner of bosses sensing a quick, profitable sale.

"I hope so, Mr. Gregory," Betty smiled again at Lew, and Lew felt his metabolism doing handstands. She held out her hand and Lew took it. Her clasp was clinging, warm, and Lew's breath seemed cut off at his throat. "Call me Betty, Lew."

"Hello, Betty."

She'd given the cars a cursory glance, pointed at a red convertible. "Could you bring that one to my place after work, Lew? I just don't have time right now."

"Certainly, Betty." Right then he'd have agreed to take off to the moon with her.

When he arrived at her apartment at six, she opened the door, a terry cloth robe tightly around her curves. "Come in, Lew. Mix yourself a drink, I'm showering. I'll be right with you. Make me one, bourbon with a touch of water." She gave him her slow, beautiful smile and slanted the smoke blue eyes at him. "We can talk about the sale in a moment."

To hell with the sale, he thought, watching the bathroom door.

Betty came out. Lew could hardly stifle the whistle of appreciation, he didn't try to soften his admiration. She had on a pair of skin tight slacks, a nylon blouse. Her breasts thrust at the flimsy material, the visible nipples pointing suggestively at Lew. She was smiling.

She turned on a hidden hi-fi, adjusted the volume, then walked straight to Lew. She clasped her hands behind his neck, smoke eyes crinkling, red lips moist and lovely. "You know, of course, that I don't give a hang for the car, don't you, Lew?"

"My thought, exactly," Lew said, sitting his drink down and letting his arms slide around her.

She came against him, the warm curves fitting suggestively against him. Her subtle perfume must have been muted by a phallic expert. She stirred against him, and Lew shook of his happy daze. Hell, he was acting like a schoolboy. He kissed her, and her lips were clinging, responsive, his flesh tingled where the pointed breasts flattened against his chest. Her hands were around him, under his coat, running up and down his lean back.

Her hands came up to run down the sleeves of his coat, and he had only to release her a moment, to let the coat fall. Her breasts were heaving as she undid his tie, her eyes were dark, lips heavy. His shirt followed the tie, then she was pressing against his bare chest, squirming, panting.

Lew poked her up in his arms. Her arms went tight around his neck, lips glued to his. He kicked open the bedroom door, deposited her on the bed. He undid the blouse, slid it off and then peeled off the slacks. The curvy body was perfect, white, inviting. She lay watching him with wide eyes, her lips parted, breathing fast. She welcomed him into the bed and made small sounds of pleasure as he explored the sleek curves with caressing hands, kissed the nipples that hardened under his touch. She writhed with anticipated pleasure.

"Lew, Lew," she moaned.

Then her writhing was violent motion to meet each rhythm until her muffled scream of release burst eagerly with his own gasps.

They lay together, Lew caressing her, she smiling with happy eyes. She said, "I saw you at the car lot a week ago, Lew. I haven't been able to think of anything else since. I flipped. I knew you were my man, the man I wanted. I checked to see if you were a bachelor. I'm not a home wrecker. Do you mind, darling?"

"Mind? What do you think? You're a sweetheart."

She hesitated. "There's a man, Lew. My ex-husband. I flew to Reno and divorced him. Bert's mean, and he's

got the idea that I ran out on him. That he can't stand. It was over between us, we agreed, but Bert's funny, he's nuts."

"We won't worry about him," Lew said. "Honey, I wouldn't give you up for ten Berts."

She snuggled against him. "I love you, Lew, you're wonderful. I just knew you would be. I'll get you a key. Use it often, huh?"

"Every day..."

The bedroom door suddenly slipped open, two men walked inside.

Betty stifled a scream, grabbing for the light bed cover. Lew sat up. "What the hell is this?"

"Now isn't this cozy, Fats," the lean man said, his dark eyes staring wild. "Just what you'd expect of a bitch like her."

"Yeah, real cozy, Bert," Fats said, his little eyes avidly devouring Betty's naked body. He licked those fat lips.

"Get out, Bert," Betty said, anger in her voice. "And take your fat goat with you. Leave me alone. I'm not your wife anymore."

"I'll leave you alone," Bert said, voice savage. "after today, I sure will, but you won't be enjoying it. I guarantee it."

"Yeah, we guarantee it," Fats said. "Fats."

Fats suddenly had a flat automatic in his fat hand. He shifted it to his left, and took a sap from his pocket. He advanced on the bed. "Get up, lover boy." His voice slackened, his eyes gleaming. "Up, lover boy, I got a little present from Bert here, all for you." He showed every indication of getting a charge out of the presentation.

"What the hell is wrong with you two bums?" Lew said, swinging off the bed. "Are you gone ago?"

"Lew!" Betty cried. "Look out, Lew, that fat slab will enjoy beating you to death!"

Fats was grinning. Bert said, "I told you, I'd let you know if I wanted a divorce, you bitch. Now I'm gonna show you nobody, no dame, runs out on Bert Calvert."

Betty was badly frightened, she seemed to know what to expect, but she tried to keep her voice even, the way you'd try to keep from panicking a dangerous mook. "Bert, we agreed it was over. You did."

"I said I'd think it over. But you couldn't wait, now I am to show you what happens to dizzy dames who run out on me, and lover boys, too."

Lew realized that Betty's panic was not without reason, both these

bastards were crazy. He suddenly baited the gun in Fats' hand then sank his other fist in the fat man's gut.

Fats wheeled, barely shaken, then slapped Lew. He didn't slap him hard enough to knock him out. Then as Lew tried to recover, to defend himself, Fats proceeded to work him over expertly. Lew staggered about the room, nearly blind, head roaring, dimly hearing Betty's screams, her begging to make Fats stop.

Then Betty's screams suddenly stopped, and dimly Lew saw her on the floor, Bert standing over her. Bert kicked her savagely in the ribs. Lew swung wildly, felt his fist connect, then his head seemed to explode in a pinwheel of sparks. He didn't even know when he hit the carpet.

Lew came to, aware of motion, and after awhile, he knew he was lying on the floor of an automobile. It was dark but in the dim glow of the dashlights, he could make out Betty struggling, hoisting herself onto the seat from a position on the floor. She had hard going of it with her hands and feet bound. She was stark naked. There were blankets on the floor, and Lew assumed that both he and Betty had been merely rolled in a blanket when carried from the apartment. Lew found that his feet and wrists were bound also.

He struggled with the bonds, found it to be some soft material, probably one of Betty's slips or a pair of nylon. Betty was panting, having made the seat, and looking down at Lew. Lew nudged her ankles that were against his. She nudged back.

"For God's sake!" Betty cried at Bert and Fats in front. "You sadistic bums give Lew a break. He'll smother on the floorboards and in those damned blankets."

"Let him," Bert snarled back. Fats turned partly around, staring at Betty's nakedness, and Lew could almost feel her shrink. "You hope he's still alive, doll? You'll want company in that mine shaft. The rats are as big as cats. Think of all the fun you and this bum can have fighting them rats off!" He gave a wheezing laugh.

"You rotten sons of bitches!" Betty screamed, and both Bert and Fats laughed at the terror in her voice.

"I aim to make it more interesting for you," Bert said. "I aim to work you over personally, you two-timing bitch. I aim to make a beelinsk of that face so the rats will be happier!"

"That's the turn off ahead there, Bert," Fats said. "The mine's another

half mile. Nobody'll find them for years."

Lew's head scooted against the door as the car made an abrupt left turn, then went lurching over a washed out dirt road. Lew hurt all over from Fats' expert sapping, and his head was a roar of pain, but desperation gave him energy and strength to fight his bonds.

He worked at his hand bonds savagely but with a minimum of movement. He thought he was fairly safe with the bucking car on the rough road. The nylon was tight but soft, and Lew eventually felt his hand slip then he was free. A surge of hope was added to the savage fury that boiled inside him. Just a fair chance with those sadists was all he asked.

"Right there, Bert," Fats said. "Behind that clump of brush and rock."

The big car slowed to a crawl, and Lew knew it was now or never while Bert was still occupied with driving. Lew abruptly came to his knees. Fats caught a glimpse of him, shouted, grabbing for his gun.

Lew caught his hair and a fat handful of jaw, and hauled Fats savagely backward, bending his head and neck over the seat back. Fats had his gun out, and Lew caught the arm, brought it down against the seat with all his strength. He heard the elbow

Fats screamed as Lew struck him on the throat with the edge of his hand. Bert braked the car, the sudden stop catapulting Lew partly over the front seat. Bert was swinging his own gun, awkwardly, for a shot. Lew heaved Fats up and shoved him at Bert.

The muffled explosions mingled with Fats' throat constricted wheeze of fear. Betty hurled her body at Bert, further hindering him until Lew could grab his gun arm, twist it savagely. Bert screamed, dropping the gun. Lew hit Bert in the face with his fist then kept at it until Bert was beaten senseless.

"Lew! Lew! Betty was screaming. "Lew, don't kill him!"

Lew sank back panting, then fumbled at Betty's bonds. She threw her arms around him the moment she was free. "Lew, darling, Oh, Lew!"

Lew was greeting his breath back, and he held her lush body close against his, liking the feel of her, knowing that he was going to be seeing a very great deal of this lovely woman.

"Your poor face," she was murmuring, caressing it gently, kissing him. "I could kill them!"

Lew kissed her. "Just lumps, honey,

they'll go down. We were lucky. Now we got to get this mess of psychotics back to the law." He leaned over, listening to Fats' wheezing breath, seeing the blood on his clothes. "Fats is still alive but he's got a couple of Bert's slugs in him. I think we won't have to worry about these two any more."

They turned. Fats and Bert over to the first sub-station deputy sheriff, had their stories checked out, and verified by a badly frightened and seriously wounded Fats.

"He yapped his head off," the deputy told Lew and Betty. "He thought we weren't calling a doctor just because he couldn't hear the ambulance coming. I'd say you two were very lucky people."

After signing a statement and giving their addresses, they were allowed to go. "If Fats dies it'll be murder," Lew said, "and even if he don't with their records, they'll be soaked away for a long time."

Back in her apartment, Betty fussed over Lew's cuts and bruises, checking and kissing him until Lew had to laugh, his hands busy, hindering her ministrations.

"For a best up man," she scolded him, "you've got bony hands. Am I going to have to stop doctoring you and take some of the octopus out of you?"

He held her against him and kissed her. "How?" he asked with assumed innocence.

She pressed closer. "Do I have to tell you, or show you?"

He slipped the blouse she had donned. "Show me," he said, kissing the erect breasts.

"Lew!" she gasped. "The bedroom

"Too far," Lew said, as they slid to the carpet, locked in tight embrace.

With Betty any place was wonderful.

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NEW GIRL



There's a new girl in town, the caller said, and I'm taking pictures of her right now. Would SPREE like to see the results?

Ever on the look out for that fresh, clean, wholesome look in womanhood for its readers, SPREE's staff shouted a firm affirmative to the caller. Then, busy with putting together a magazine, the staff settled back into its routine—interviewing beautiful women who throw themselves at the editors' feet whenever we go out for a short drink—

The urgent call was forgotten. And we do mean forgotten for the day passed, the week, and finally we figured it was just a crank call.

Then, six months to the day, we got another call. Same voice, same story. Not to be frustrated in its constant search for new talent, nor disappointed, we traced the call. Kind phone company gave us name, address. Hop-

IN TOWN!!



ping into the station wagon, we raced over. Sure enough, there was a new girl in town.

In a five-day interview, we managed to find out that her name is Connie Hudson, no relation to the river in New York City nor to the once famous automobile. But that's about all. Oh, yes, the pictures here are of Connie. Should we ask her more about herself? Let us know. We're confused.





**SHE'S A LITTLE SHY, OUR CONNIE, BUT HER
BODY SPEAKS A LANGUAGE ALL ITS OWN!**





**CONFUSED EDITORS DIDN'T KNOW WHETHER
TO SHOW THE READERS CONNIE OR NOT.**



*To fill the harems and brothels
of Mid-East Sheiks, procurers
are even resorting to kidnapping!*



SPREE EXPOSE
by Cyrus W. Bell

THE NEW BOOM IN WHITE SLAVERY



The girl hurrying down the deserted Bari street doesn't notice the Fiat 1800 parked at the end of the alley. She is young and magnificently built; her summer dress clinging provocatively to a beautifully strapping figure that is erotic in its tight emphasis. Suddenly two brawny men explode from the car. One jams a chloroform-damp hanky onto the girl's face while the other iron-grips her arms until her struggling stops. As she falls limp like an empty flour sack, the men stuff her into the back seat of the auto. Moments later the souped-up kidnap car races towards the town of Brindisi smuggled against the tangled maze of docks along the Adriatic waterfront. No one ever sees or hears of the girl after that.

Not long ago, in another part of the Mediterranean, in one of Athens's second-run movie houses, 18-year-old Ileana Papas, a gorgeous brunette of eye-popping proportions, is watching the film, *Rescue Her*. Quietly an usher approaches her, taps her on the shoulder and summons her to the telephone in the manager's office.

"Ileana," the voice on the phone says, "rush home as quickly as possible. Your mother is in the hospital after a bad accident. The doctor says she may die in a matter of minutes. Hurry! Take the first cab you see!"

The startled girl utters a cry and rushes out through the lobby. Outside near the marquee an empty taxicab waits. Hurriedly she boards it with her eyes in tears, and it speeds off. That is the last anyone in Greece ever

(Continued on page 44)

GOODBYE, MISS BUMP- AND-GRIND



SPREE REVERIE/by pete kohn

...for now!

It's no secret that the bump and grind of a fabulous burlesque is part of the history of show biz. But once in a while in that daffy, but almost stickily sentimental town, known in filmland as Hollywood, the art of tease, the act of the clothed wench who sheds for sheekles is revived.







Burlesque is dead! We've read its obits everywhere. But fondly we remember...and await your return!

A little more than a year ago, a swinging type, jumping cocktail parlor opened along the Appian Way of the movie empire, Hollywood Boulevard, and began with a host of bee-you-ti-full gals (20 count 'em 20) who took the mournful throb of the snare drum as siren call to passion, reviving the good, old-fashioned strip.

The name was, of course, in keeping with the highest traditions of the peeling palaces of old. A catchy name in tune, albeit a bummy one, with the beat of its generation: *Stripville*.

Leotarded waitresses pushed drinks from service bar to customer at prices a bit too high, but not extravagant, and shook a provocative hip here and there to add to the gaiety that once was a strip joint's *raison d'être*. When the lights faded on the last number, one could at least retain the spell of fascinating femininity by ordering another round. Smiles abounded as the bar tab rose...

But that's just what every guy ever wanted: a sweet,





promising-nothing, but provocative smile, darling, and then I can face my wife again. In the meantime, after a short pause for the best cause, the show banged open once more, to the thump-thump of the snare and a blare or two of a nat-sa-golden horn. Parted came the stage curtain, and there she was. Who? It didn't matter what name she had, as long as she was a doll who danced and shed the glitter of a phony gown to the smooth, firm flesh of her natural endowments. And at Stripville, such stellar sensations as Barbara Halden, Lisa Drake, and Tawnee Lela exposed the skin every







guy would have loved to touch—well at least all the way down to her G-string and zircon pasties.

The lure that once made such grand *palais de femmes* world renowned are no more. What has replaced them, and by no means get the idea that strip joints are dead, is a far cry from the splendor of old. Towdry is about the kindest thing you can say about these modern joints. Even the term joints seems a bit too crude—until you actually walk into one cold sober.



Be that as it may! Times and man change. Our horses and carriages are stowed in museums. What bare flesh we once admired across a smoky room to the haunting thump of a drum, we can enjoy in stereophonic sound and glorious technicolor at almost anything but a Disney movie. And, thank good old libido-laving entrepreneurs, at "joints" like the late—and much lamented—Stripville.





ANGELA OUR OWN RAVING BEAUTY

Angela Webster, the lovely, lissome lass who graces our front cover and the fabulous new fold-out centerspread this month, is known around Hollywood as the quiet one. But it is not, as you might imagine from the old clichés, because she is beautiful and dumb. Far from it. As a matter of fact, our curvy cover girl is magna cum laude, and that, buddy, means she is mucho in the mind department.

Born in one of the select suburbs of tinsel-town, Angela went to school with hardly a murmur, so shy was









our gal in her not-so-long-ago-youth.

After breezing through the headier courses of anthropological psychology, advanced math, and political science, she was offered a top job with the State Department, but, good little girl that she is, she took her father's advice. That is, she refused the job because her father is a member of the opposition party. Other job offers flew to her, including a choice position as a lecturer in her chosen field, but, still and the ever the shy one, she had to let that go by.

For a gal as sweetly sweet as Angela, however, career opportunities don't ever stop knocking. It happened one day that staff SPREE cameraman, Sulli, saw her, talked to her, and made the proposition that she try out for the magazine's featured spot as the first beauty to fill the new giant centerfold.

Flattered, but still shy, Angela agreed.

And we're sure that you'll agree that Angela fills the pages with the most, and as far as we're concerned she doesn't have to say a thing.











"Wasn't anyone told you that it's rude to read over someone's shoulder?"

WHITE SLAVERY

(Continued from page 22)

ses of Illeana Papa. To all intents and purposes she has vanished from the face of the earth.

In Marseilles a few months ago, two young girls—Renée Tessier, 17, and Micheline Santilli, 16—were having the Cadeïlla time of their lives at a church dance not far from the waterfront. But when the last number of the evening has been played, neither Renée nor Micheline is anywhere to be found. In fact, the French police are still searching.

The disappearance of these teenage women—the girl in Bari, the one in Athens and the two from Marseilles—is typical of the latest kind of "kidnaping" that has been spreading across Europe in the last year or so. Frustrated Italian Carabinieri, French Gendarmes and Greek detectives are facing a new wrinkle in the time-worn practice of recruiting sex slaves.

As I write this here in Rome, a slimy crew of producer-agents have been knocking down list commissions by quietly abducting European teenagers right off the streets—often at full daylight!—to fill Italian harems in the Middle East. So far the victims have been college coeds, salesgirls, typists and even housewives. They have been sold to oil-rich Arabs as harem slaves for prices which range up to \$3,000 and which depend on her vital statistics, her age, weight and color of hair.

Since the petroleum boom in Saudi Arabia has given rise to a privileged class of men who are perpetually wealthy, even by American standards, the affluent princes and moneyed merchants of Saudi Arabia and the Yemen are currently stacking their slave-pens with the most desirable harem fodder on the continent, no matter what the cost. This new gimmick, however, supplements the already known traffic of sex slaves involving native girls from Africa who are being smuggled into Arab villages and sold on the marketplace as concubines.

Apparently the Allah-sent oil has changed the sex tastes of many sheiks because they now want—and are eager to pay dearly for—streamlined maidens from Europe whose skin is light and whose hair is blonde. The demand for French and Italian slaves is so great that the C.O.D. price for a well-stocked Roman cote or a ripened Colic made-mousse has pushed the procuring racket

to new depths. Kidnaping teenage love-lies off the sidewalks of Marseilles or Milan is now turning into a business that already runs close to a million dollars a month.

With demand greater than supply, the well-heeled sheiks are pouring talent scouts into the Mediterranean real estate up north, from Palermo to Pisa to Pavia. Some of the laziest emissaries use bribes or blackmail. Failing that brutality is used to get the girls across the balmy waters to Cairo where they are swiftly picked up and freighted deeper into the trackless burning deserts of "Olderado."

During my investigation in Athens, police officials admitted that although they knew what was happening to these unfortunate girls, they were powerless to do anything about the situation. They reported they had made an official appeal to Interpol—the International Police Organization—for help but to no avail, so far.

"A large number of our young women have been abducted or tricked into white slavery," Capt. Adamantios Argaspiotis of the Athens Police Department said, "but we cannot trace them beyond our own borders without the help of Interpol and other law enforcement agencies. We know for sure that the White Slavers are getting as high as \$3,000 for females they deliver unharmed to agents in Beirut or Port Said."

Capt. Argaspiotis told us that the White Slave rings try to get as many girls as possible without resorting to force. Greek women of dubious morals are offered handsome sums of money to work as "entertainers" in the Middle East. So quite a number of women have left their native shores voluntarily only to find that they have been hoodwinked into brothels.

Still another favorite dodge of the procurers is to entice girls aboard coastal vessels in various harbors. There they are drugged and kept in a semi-stupor until the ship's "quota" has been filled and can set sail for some unknown destination. The Italian Coast Guard working the Adriatic Sea has nabbed a few of these Voessels with their strange cargo.

The last such case, which took place a short while ago, brought on the arrest and conviction of a captain, his first mate and two sailors who were given 20 years of hard labor. Their boat—a 2,100-ton Bulgarian tramp flying the Yugoslavian flag—was boarded by Italy's Guardacoste sailors from stem to stern. Below a lower deck cabin floor, under boards that had been nailed down with four-inch spikes, the search team found five ankle-cuffed Italian girls ranging in age from 17 to 20. The skipper of the boat almost fooled the boarding party when the

papers in his possession showed he was on his way to Alexandria to deliver sewing machines and pick up a cargo of dates and figs.

Such attempts at outright kidnaping usually work in cloudy fashions, however. The other approach, the so-called soft-snap routine, works beautifully many times. Other times, pitiful! Take the humiliated attempt to recruit two English countess queens, which earned them a wad of tabloid-page publicity in the London press not long ago.

In Beirut at the "Colorado" nightclub a well-dressed, handsome Arab made a pitch at two cabaret entertainers, ages 19, touring the Middle East. The Modern turned no words as he told lovely Patricia and Sheila Kelly, sisters from Derby, England, that they had the kind of big swee big-shot sheiks would pay thousands of pounds to have in their harems for a reasonable stretch. He guaranteed the blue-eyed twins they could return to their troops in 60 days—with a tidy fortune in their bank accounts for services rendered.

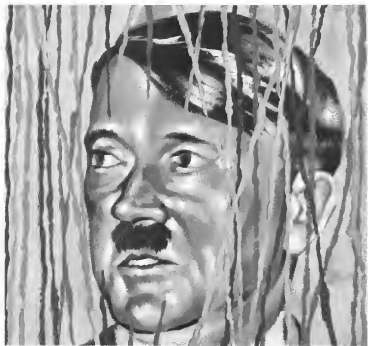
This disgusting procurer actually promised he would personally get us admitted to a royal harem, instead of one owned by a merchant or businessman, Pat Kelly told the London Sunday Dispatch later. "He even offered to place an immediate deposit a staggering sum of money that would have taken us three years to earn as dancers. Naturally we were both nauseated, and we showed this abominable character how awfully mad we were at the crude proposition. We alerted the Beirut police after we showed him away, but he never showed up after that to try again."

Another entertainer—belly-dancer and stripteaser Elaine Dana, a French beauty who married a young Sheik and lived with him in Saudi Arabia before escaping to the West—reported to this correspondent that she personally knew of several European girls who were trapped in harems as prisoners.

"The Arab man looks upon a woman of his own race who sells her body as an object of contempt," Elaine told us between shows in a Milan nightclub. "Therefore a woman from Europe is highly desirable. She's a novelty for which a rich Arab is willing to pay a very high price. Every well-to-do Arab considers himself fortunate if he can possess a white-skinned woman or a blonde—the younger the better!"

First word of the slave scandal reached this reporter from Mme. Legrand-Falco, president of the French Women's League Against White Slavery, which in a few short months already has a file of cases that would knock your eye out. Madame Legrand-Falco reported

I PLOTTED HITLER'S



MURDER !

by Lt. Karl Kray, former Luftwaffe pilot, as told to George H. Smith

The tall man in the uniform of a colonel of the General Staff who came aboard my plane at Berlin's Rangsdorf Air Field on the morning of July 20, 1944 was handsome and dignified in spite of the patch that hid his left eye. I noticed too that he possessed only one hand and that the other had only three fingers. The wounds, I knew, were the result of a land mine explosion in the North African fighting.

"Colonel Count von Stauffenberg, this is my pilot, Lieutenant Karl Kray," my commander, General Eduard Wagner, Quartermaster General of the German Army, introduced us. "Lieutenant Kray is one of us and can be trusted, Colonel."

General Wagner did not mean by this that I was simply one of the Prussian officer class to which he and the colonel belonged. He meant that I was part of the same plot in which he and the Colonel were leaders, the plot to do away with Adolf Hitler, the greatest monster of modern times.

The Colonel extended his artificial hand for me to shake and the warmth of his smile more than made up for the coldness of the hand.

"You are to fly us to Rastenburg then," he said.

"Yes sir," I said. "I'm to fly you to the Wolf's Lair—and back again I hope, sir."

"Whether you fly us back is in the hands of God," the Colonel said as I shook hands with his adjutant, Lieutenant Werner von Haeften. "It doesn't matter as much as making sure that the Wolf himself is no more."

The flight to Rastenburg took approximately three hours, and shortly after we took off I let my co-pilot take over the controls of the big Junkers plane as we headed over the flat, low-lying farmlands of northern Germany toward East Prussia and the Wolf's Lair of Adolf Hitler.

The Colonel and Lieutenant von Haeften had an open brief case between them on the table when I entered the passenger compartment. They looked up startled and von Haeften started to cover up something that lay on the table with the papers.

"Never mind that," the Colonel said. "There's no reason why the Lieutenant shouldn't see our little present for the Fuehrer."

He picked up a small slab of plastic-like substance. "This, Lieutenant, is a piece of hexite, a very powerful and very useful explosive supplied to us by the courtesy of the RAF.

"You mean that we are working with the British?" I asked surprised. I had been sure that the plot against Hitler was a purely German affair.

"No, not that we know of," the Colonel laughed. "But they drop hexite all over Europe for the use of their saboteurs, and a lot of it





"Gentlemen, this bottle of Cognac holds the secret of the world's release from the maniac, Hitler!"

HITLER'S MURDER

(Continued from previous page)

fills into the hands of our Counter Intelligence Service which, as you know, is one of our centers of strength against Hitler. Our people there see that we get it because it is the most useful kind of explosive we've been able to discover.

"Why is that, sir?" I asked examining the material gingerly.

"Because," he said squeezing it between two of his three fingers, "it is like putty and can be molded into any shape desired."

"Even to the shape of a brandy bottle," Lieutenant von Haeften grinned.

"I don't think I understand," I said slowly.

"Then you haven't heard about how General Treackow and Lieutenant Fabian von Schlitzendorff tried to do back in 1943 what we're going to do today?"

"No, I haven't," I said. "I was serving in Italy at the time."

"They mailed some bottles into the shape of two brandy bottles and then lined Hitler to the General's Headquarters at Smolensk on the Russian Front on the pretense of having a conference. When der Fuehrer's plane left, they asked a member of his staff to carry the brandy to a mutual friend. Unfortunately for Germany and the world the trigger mechanism failed and the monster still lives. But for no longer than today, we hope."

"Then all is ready? Our friends in Berlin are ready to seize control?" I asked excitedly thinking how much I despised the little ex-Corporal.

"When the bomb which I will carry into the Fuehrer's conference room in my brief case goes off, General Fellgebel, Chief Signal Officer of the Army will see that all communications are cut. Our friends in Berlin will then announce over the radio that Hitler is dead and that the Army is setting up a provisional government and is ending the war. The Guard Battalion of Berlin will surround the General Staff Building to prevent the Nazis from taking counter measures and Goebbels and the others will be arrested," the Colonel explained.

"And if Hitler isn't killed?"

"Then we ourselves will die," the Colonel said simply.

When we landed at Rastenburg, the Colonel and his aide shook my

hand again. "Have the plane refueled and stand by for instant take off," von Stauffenberg said gripping the brief case with its deadly contents under his arm. "We'll be leaving here in something of a hurry."

I watched anxiously as they drove away in a staff car sent over to take them to Hitler's headquarters concealed in a dense woods about ten miles away. I learned later that it took them a full half-hour to reach the place because they had to pass through three different check points in three different rings of pillboxes, mine fields and electrified barbed wire with which the pitiful Hitler had surrounded his so-called field headquarters. Then they found themselves in an enclosure named *Sperrkreis I* in which the only buildings were the Fuehrerbunker, the map room where conferences were held and a kennel for Hitler's dog, Blondi.

After breakfast the two officers had a chance to talk for a few moments with General Fritz Fellgebel who said he was ready to cut communications between Wolf's Lair and Berlin as soon as the bomb went off.

They then had a brief visit with General Keitel, Hitler's greatest toady among the German officer class and later accompanied him to the map room. Before they started von Stauffenberg had excused himself for a moment ostensibly to get his hat and belt but really to set the bomb by squeezing with a special tiny set of pliers the little bulb of acid that would eat through the wire and release the trigger to set off the charge that we hoped would kill Hitler.

At 12:45 they entered the map room where they would meet the Fuehrer and I was having the engines of the plane warmed up for our get away.

They found the conference already underway, and the Colonel was led to Hitler by Keitel.

As he sat down he placed his briefcase on the floor beneath the huge eighteen by five foot map table about which Hitler and twenty officers were gathered. As soon as he had maneuvered the briefcase into a position near enough to Hitler for it to be fatal, the Colonel excused himself on the pretext that he had an important phone call coming through from his Berlin office. With the knowledge that the acid was eating away at the wire within the hostile bomb he hurried from the room and the enclosure and picked up Haeften. No sooner were they in the car and moving than the building behind them seemed to

erupt outward with tremendous force.

"Return us to the airport at once," the Colonel told his driver and the two men looked at each other with the certainty that Hitler was dead.

Getting out of the Wolf's Lair was even harder than getting in however. They were stopped at the first roadblock but bluffed their way past only to be held up at the second by an officer who refused to let them go because of the explosion he had heard. The Colonel picked up the phone in the guardhouse and called the Deputy Commander of the camp who happened to be one of our group. The Deputy Commander ordered the officer to pass the Colonel at once and within a few minutes they were moving across the field toward my plane. The Colonel took time then to make a phone call to Berlin before coming aboard.

"Hitler is dead," von Stauffenberg said as I held the door open for them. "Let us get back to Berlin at once."

When we landed in Berlin the Colonel asked me to accompany them to General Staff Headquarters where the rest of our plan was to be put into effect. Operation Valkyrie was the name of the plan by which we intended to seize control of the government. The death of the tyrant should have been announced by now and the major Nazis in the city arrested but as we drove through the streets we could see that the plan hadn't been put into effect yet. There was no excitement and except for the piles of rubble from the recent British bombings the city seemed to be completely normal.

At four o'clock that afternoon we were at the office of General Fromm who while having knowledge of the plot had refused to take part in it until he was sure of its success.

"What's been happening here?" the Colonel demanded of General Olbricht.

"We got your telephone call from the airport, but we haven't been able to get any cooperation from General Fromm or from von Helldorf at Police Headquarters."

"But why haven't you put Operation Valkyrie into effect?"

"We decided to wait for you."

"But why? You were supposed to act here as soon as you heard that Hitler was dead."

"But we are not sure that he is

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dead," General Beck, another member of group said. "Fromm mused on calling Hitler's headquarters and he spoke to Kettel who said that Hitler is alive and not even seriously wounded."

"Kettel is a lust! Hitler could not have survived that blast," von Stauffenberg said hotly.

"This is bad," von Haeften whispered to me. "If Kettel is still alive and Fellgebel hasn't destroyed the telephone exchange, we may be in for trouble."

"I tell you Hitler is dead," the Colonel was repeating to a group of officers who had just come into the room. "The time to start Valkyrie is now. It should have been started long ago."

"All right," Olbricht said suddenly and began to give orders to clear the eight hundred telephone lines in the War Ministry Building for the message that would go out to the commanders in the field at the Russian and Normandy fronts telling them that the tyrant was dead and that the army was taking over.

Then we all strode into General Fromm's office where Colonel von Stauffenberg confronted him. "Hitler is dead. I placed the bomb under his table myself. Kettel has had, he cannot possibly be alive."

"You are all under arrest," Fromm said. "The Fuehrer is alive, and you are traitors."

"You are the one who is under arrest," the Colonel said. "Von Haeften, Kray, help me."

Von Haeften and I moved forward and seized the struggling General Fromm and hustled him into a side room and locked him in.

"Thank God we got here before it was too late," von Stauffenberg said. "These fools have been standing around doing nothing while the Nazis have probably been making plans for a counter attack."

"The Guard Battalion hasn't even taken up its position before the Ministry," von Haeften said.

"No and that is the most important part of our plan. Without them, any squad of SS or Gestapo men can just walk in and take over." The Colonel took my arm. "Kray, I have to stay here to keep these people moving. Will you go to Major Remer of the Guard Battalion and tell him to come at once with his men to defend the Ministry?"

Within a few minutes I was in a car speeding toward the barracks of the Guard Battalion. I didn't have to go all the way because I found Major Remer and his men drawn up in front of the Propaganda Ministry.

(Continued on page 58)

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RACY RACING GAL



Racy was in a white, SPENCER and style photographer was across in which they seem just to perfect to present to our readers. Posing speed Racy is the chick that almost failed to get between the covers of this month's issue. Why? Because she is a full-fledged member of the sports car movement—and the race.

Yes, we are concerned about about too much. The chief editor told me look at Racy's position, and told her that girls don't race that way.

Racy is a tiger in a Corvair! Is protected.

"With a body like hers, she'd be a tiger anywhere," he said in the thoughtful manner of chief editors. "But here we have a tiger." And he turned the pictures back to the hapless photographer.

Undrunk, of course. Racy leaped into the grass and tucked down the driveway to Racy's post. There he found her leaping around in the air, galloping in the garden. Could he take some shots of her model? But all around, she roared, flailing her thick eyes and peeling down to her black panties and



then peeling some more.

Satisfied with his afternoon of shooting, he explained that the race pictures he took of her were coldly rejected by the chief editor.

"So what?" Terry replied. "I'd rather be loved for my femininity than my hot car tactics. Besides, I hardly ever win in race competition."

We could name one kind of sexy competition, however, where Terry is a front-runner every time!







"Oh, this business has its ups and downs but at least there's no lay off!"

SEX GUIDES

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WHITE SLAVERY

(Continued from page 44)

that the ring of slave-accuse works 24 hours around the clock sweeping up careworn candidates for transportation.

"The question we face," she said in an exclusive statement to *SPREE*, "is why the girls themselves don't resist the alarm—why they allow themselves to be hoodlumed across the Mediterranean Sea without putting up a resistance. The kidnappers are as determined as they are clever. They will prey on stranded girls and lend them money against worse prospects so that there is no objection. Others will seek out some secret of the girls' private life or will force her to commit some act they can hold against her. But when all such blacklisted methods fail to work, then kidnapping is used."

Apparently the women who have been stolen from their homes are so intimidated with threats that they resourcefully resign themselves to their fate. Although some of them get away by a stroke of luck, they nevertheless refuse to talk for fear of reprisals. Most of the girls are shipped overseas, and the odds are strong that few of them will ever be heard from again. Because they leave their country without proper documents, it's virtually impossible for them to get out of an Arab state if they do manage to escape from a harem or a brothel.

The League suspects that at least 80 per cent of the abducted teenagers end up in Saudi Arabia while the other 20 per cent are being transported into Yemen. It seems that the fine hand of Saudi Arabia's research is suspected in some of the recent kidnappings, though there exists as yet no proof that King Saud's harem of some 130 bedroom slaves is currently festering Italian, Greek or French dukes.

To verify these and other findings, I looked up my friend Karl Friedrich, Chief Commissioner of the Brigade Moudane. This is his statement:

"These procures, whom we call bad-church, operate around railroad stations, cafes and movie houses. They also attend the many beauty contests held all over France and Italy where fresh victims for the slave market are discovered. Last summer, for instance, the police intervened just in time to a contest at Nice to save four girls between the ages of 15 and 19 from the clutches of a Levantine millionaire."

Monieur Friedrich revealed that not all the girls kidnapped so far have been French, Greek or Italian. In some instances, refugees from Leon Cartan

countries who have made their way from Yugoslavia, Romania, and Hungary into the Mediterranean region have been whisked away.

Altogether Friedrich estimates at least 300 refugee maidens have been swept into harem. In some cases the Shanghai females have been tourists from Switzerland or Germany or were plucked out of St. Peter's Square in Rome or collocated on a Riviera beach while still in their bikinis. So far as this writer can determine, no American sightseers, as yet, have been spirited away.

Just what happens to these hapless schoolgirls after they vanish?

Communist Friedrich reports that his agents in the Middle East have traced the usual itinerary several French damsels have followed: They end up being thrown in with hundreds of African girls seized from the six main slave-producing areas of the black continent — Eritrea, Abyssinia, the Guinea Coast, Northern Uganda, Cameroons and Spanish Rio de Oro.

"Special commandos," said Friedrich, "stage night raids on small villages and oases on the fringes of the Sahara. Eligible girls are rounded up at gun point and are taken to large harem in the sand dunes between Igadi and El Djef. Then a where the black slaves are joined by the new crop of white girls from Europe. As soon as 200 head are assembled — black and white — a consignment is formed with the victims dressed in strips of the finest fabric or bedecked only in their birthday suits. Handcuffed together in sets of four, the naked and semu-naked victims are marched off at night under the surveillance of whip-wielding cameldrivers."

It takes six weeks for the consignment to reach a maximum-guarded camp between the Tibhou Desert and the Tibhou Mountains. Described by the United Nations Commission on Human Rights as the center of the human slave trade, this point is the secret rendezvous where dealers trade from everywhere and place their voluptuous commodities on auction to the highest bidder. The U.N. estimates that nearly 10,000 young Negro women are bought and sold every year as so much flesh in this abominable great store.

The native creatures are peddled for as little as two paches of gold (\$160), and as high as \$2,000 in certain instances. But the new crop of light-skinned ladies from Europe lately has provided some special moments of spirited bidding—with final sales being concluded for bids ranging anywhere from \$2,500 to \$3,000. Sometimes a European note will sell for a price lower than \$2,500—but this occurs only when the buyers

know they are bidding against one of King Saad's boys who will wear a special identifying dagger in his belt. It is not hostility in this region to court the Highness' representative.

"From the Tibesti camp," explained Commissioner Friedrich, "the beauties are shipped eastward on trucks. Between Port Sudan and Massawa the human cargo is put on dhows and ferried across the Red Sea. This is the most dangerous part of the entire journey for the kidnapped girls, because British gunboats are constantly on the search for slave ships. Whenever a patrol boat approaches, the usual practice for a slave's vessel is to get rid of any damaging evidence as swiftly as possible."

The U.N. reported an eye-witness account of just what the Arab dhafs (slave traders) do in order not to be nibbled reined. Here's the sworn testimony of British explorer J. Lewis Carver.

"One day I had the opportunity to watch a group of 300 chained young girls being loaded on 11 dhows. They were made to lie down on the bottom of the boats and covered with bags of Ethiopian coffee. During the trip the sachos —that's the flagman—sped an English patrol ship and scolded the alien. The captain instantly ordered the human freight dumped into the sea, chains and all, through a special hatch in the hull of the vessel. The heavy shackles took care of the rest."

The slave boats that successfully worm through to a clandestine "harbor of reason" north of Jeddah—and they are in the majority, let it be said—deliver most of the living cargo to several notorious training establishments where the young girls attend a unique sex school. One of these "schools," perhaps the best in operation right now, is run by an American widow who calls herself Madame Lydia.

Outwardly Madame Lydia makes her living as an importer of French perfumes, but the Paris police now know she is the tutor and coach for the harem novices put at her disposal. Under her tutelage the attractive young females are taught how to beautify themselves, how to do the correct lascivious belly-dances, how to coquet and make love to a man and how to serve their future masters in every conceivable way. Students who balk or squawk at learning their lessons in a hurry are affixed to a dungeon wall and made to feel the sting of Madame Lydia's dreaded hippopotamus-hide whip of three things.

In a longshot move to talk to this Madame Lydia, a short while ago I made my way to Jeddah, a city of sprawling junk bazaars where narrow streets are carpeted with dead rats and soaked with oozing sewage. But apparently word had

got around to her and her cohorts that I was a magazine journalist on the hunt for information about the traffic of human flesh. So when she met me, Madame Lydia—a thin-lipped, cadaverous-looking hag—refused to grant me a private audience or answer a single question. But I fell into an unexpected pace of luck, nevertheless.

Jeddah is full of former slaves. Many Arab women who worked in harems during the recent years of their lives are put to pasture at the age of 40 (if they live that long), and you find them now begging in the streets of Jeddah. Though one of these women, Kawahkeh Um Fahal, I managed to learn something about the harem on the remote south-eastern coast of the Arabian Peninsula. Kawahkeh had spent most of her adult life in the Sultanate of Shahr and Mokalla serving in slave-pens of one kind or another.

As for herself, Kawahkeh—a fairly good-looking, tan-skinned woman who had apparently lost considerable weight in recent years—said she had been born in a mud hut in the delta of Mosul, Iraq. Early in her life she was sold by her father Husain into slavery for a sum of money that was equivalent to \$100 in America. Being a harem slave, she reported quite frankly, provided her with every comfort of life and made her better off materially than she had ever been before.

Catering to her master's sexual whims did not require much effort, since she was one of 72 girls on call, day or night. Not long ago, however, she was set legally free when her most recent owner tired of her and no longer wanted to keep paying for her groceries, after he unsuccessfully put her up for auction.

Kawahkeh swore to me that in the last harem she worked in, two detectable Italian girls had been brought in not long ago. Both of them had been abducted as recently as January—one from Reggio Calabria and the other from Palermo.

During their first weeks the Latin beauties—Eleonora and Seila—stared up a beehive of trouble and woe for the master, who tried to subdue them with punishments of various kinds without success. Finally, when nothing seemed to work, the wealthy sheik distributed long whips of elephant hide to 30 of the harem inmates.

One evening they were ordered to beat the two rebels mercilessly. And so it was done until Eleonora and Seila fell to the floor unconscious. After that the "victims" from Sarny Italy changed their cloudy disposition.

Kawahkeh informed me that as far as she knew, most of the modern harems in vast Arabia are furnished with all lux-

uries. They are equipped with air-conditioners and all the latest electronic gadgets. Some harems even have television sets and tape recorders.

Nearly all the girls wear daring Paris-made toilettes with necklines plunging to the waist. Their robes are usually covered with precious stones and gold ornaments. Cleanliness is maintained in tiled shower rooms. As long as a harem prisoner caters to her provider; whenever and however he decides, she lives a comparatively easy life of penance. But step out of line, as Kawahkeh stoutly assured me, and your lot can become a painfully miserable one, as witness the two abductees from the Red Sea.

The new practice of kidnapping unsuspecting young girls in Europe and smuggling them across the moon-swept Red Sea to the Arabian side is a sordid one indeed. And it has all the earmarks of becoming even more widespread if something is not done immediately. It seems incredible that such an abysmal practice, which is against all moral standards, can be nurtured in Europe by a group in the Middle East as unyielding as the timeless shifting of the trackless Arabian sands. "Seek, and ye shall find," says the Islamic bible. And that explains why the sand-flocked operators from the desert country are scouring the Mediterranean these days.

As these words are being written, United Press International reported that Morocco's police were searching for a 17-year-old German television beauty who disappeared from her Casablanca hotel. Missing for three weeks before the alarm was spread, the girl had been in Morocco to get the "feel" of the country and learn some of its folk dances in connection with a movie, "Zoleika," she was to shoot. The police speculated that she had been kidnaped and taken off to sea to an unknown destination in the Middle East.

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Jim Frazer held a bottle of vodka in his left hand, Rhonda Parker's ample breast with his right, and gripped the steering wheel of his Mercedes-Benz with his knees. In the back seat Barry Huntington felt his fiancée, Janet Morrison, cling fearfully to him as the car sped up the twisting mountain road.

"Make him stop, Barry!" she whispered tensely. "He's going to kill us all!"

DOUBLE DATE

Even Barry, gazing out the window through an alcoholic haze, could see that they were coming dangerously near the edge of the steep cliff on the curves. "Hey, how's about slowing down a little, Jim?" he called.

"It'd be very frustrating if we had to start all over again from the bottom, after getting this far."

Jim raised his head from kissing Rhonda, laughed, and passed the bottle back to Barry. "Don't be such a worrywart, old Buddy," he said. "Have a drink and leave the driving to old Safety-first Frazer. This crate's been up here so many times she could make the trip by herself."

"Well, I know that she's going to be making it without me, if you don't slow down," said Janet.

Rhonda turned around and gave them a reassuring smile. "Don't worry, honey," she said. "Jim is a little reckless but he's really a good driver. You're safe in his hands."

"Yeah," said Jim, reaching under her skirt and gripping a shapely thigh. "And that's just where I like to have girls; in my hands." Rhonda laughed and buried her face in his neck.

Barry looked out at the trees and boulders flashing by in the bright moonlight. That about sums up Jim, he thought. Fast cars, fast women and a get-there-at-any-price attitude with everything he did. Sobering up a little, he was almost sorry that he had agreed to Jim's proposal of a double date this evening. They both worked for one of the largest advertising companies in Los Angeles, Barry was an artist, and Jim was the firm's hottest space salesman. It was the first time that he had been out socially with him, and he knew that Janet was unaccustomed to such crude and free-wheeling behavior.

He tightened his arm around her and stroked her soft, auburn hair. She was an elementary school teacher, a small, serious girl, attractive but not the type to deliberately

(Continued on next page)

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DOUBLE DATE

(Continued from Page 63)

call attention to herself. He was much like that himself. He smiled. They were certainly a contrast to Jim Fraser and the voluptuous scraps that he dated, among which Rhonda was an outstanding example. She was a starlet, or, as she insisted on being called, an actress, at some studio in Hollywood. Barry had never seen her act, but, judging by the wanton way that she behaved with Jim, she had little need of dramatic ability to achieve success.

"There she is!" cried Jim, braking abruptly for a sharp curve. Barry snapped out of his reverie and looked down into the valley at the shimmering waters of Lake Arrowhead. Jim owned a cabin there and, after sweltering through the heat and smog of mid-summer Los Angeles for half of the evening, had suggested that they drive up to it. Barry had been just drunk enough to agree with enthusiasm. But now he wondered if it was such a good idea.

"Jim," he said. "Maybe we ought to skip this little caper until someday when we have more time. After all, it's nearly midnight, you know, and tomorrow's a working day."

"Plenty of time, old Buddy," Jim said, racing down the hillside toward the water. "You got nothing else to do but sleep anyway, and you'll get plenty of that when you're dead."

Before he could offer further protest Jim brought the car to a screeching halt before a small redwood cottage on the lakeside and leaped out with a flourish. "Lafayette, we are here!" he cried, draining the vodka bottle of the last of its contents. "Hell, empty already." Carelessly he flipped the bottle over his shoulder. No bother, plenty more in the shack. This way, children.

"Thank God we made it alive," said Janet as they all got out of the car and followed him into the cabin. "Barry, I am not going to ride back down with that marmoset. I'll walk first."

"Relax, darling," Barry said soothingly. "I'll make him let me drive us back."

Jim got the door unlocked and the light turned on and ushered them into the cabin's small living-kitchen-dining-room.

"Oh, what a darling little place!"

cried Rhonda, running to bounce on the dabbled by the window.

"All the comforts of home," said Jim. "Sleeps four. Eight, if you're good friends. Everybody have a seat while I see if I can scare up some martinis." He walked to the refrigerator behind the bar. Rhonda went to the hi-fi in the corner and began selecting records from the rack.

Barry could tell from the appraising glances Janet was giving the room that she admired Jim's taste in interior decorating. He sat down on an armchair and pulled her onto his lap and kissed her.

"We shouldn't have come," she said. "Do you realize what time it will be when we get home?"

"Yeah, well, we'll just have a drink and then start back. Sure is a nice place, though. Maybe he'll invite us up again." Jim returned with a tray full of drinks and pressed one into Janet's hand despite her insistence

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DOUBLE DATE

(Continued from Page 61)

that she had had enough. Rhonda spun a hot jazz record onto the turntable and carried her drink over to the back door. "Hey, kids," she called, "Come out here and dig this crazy beer scene."

Jim laughed and they all followed her outside. The scene that greeted them was so beautiful that for a few moments they were all struck silent by it. The lake was as calm as a pane of glass and the full moon, directly above them, embellished it with a silvery sheen. The air was so clear that they could make out trees and houses on the opposite shore. Tiny wavelets lapped at the beach and far out near the middle a fish jumped, his tail slapping the water with a sharp report. "It's so quiet you'd think that there wasn't another person on earth," said Janet, wonderingly.

Rhonda strolled languidly down the short boat dock that jutted out over the water. Jim looked at her undulating backside and licked his lips. "Hey, I've got a real billboard idea," he said, slipping into office jargon. "The water's warm. Let's all go in for a swim."

"But we haven't any suits," said Rhonda.

"What's the matter, you chicken?" he leered at her.

She grunted challengingly at him and reached back to unzip her dress. Jim walked toward her, unbuckling his sportshirt. "Come on, kids," he called back to Barry and Janet. "Last one in is a junior executive."

Barry looked down at Janet. Her face was turning bright pink. "I think we'll at this one out," he said, turning her around and pressing her face to his chest.

"All right, be a couple of stuffy old party-poopers," Jim said. "You don't know what you're missing."

Barry was about to lead Janet back into the calm when Jim bent down to remove his shoes, giving him an unobstructed view of Rhonda. She had laid her dress and slip aside and was rolling down her hose. She wore no panties and her white bra and garter belt stood out in bold relief against her tanned skin. Her body was so beautiful, her movements so sensual, that Barry could only stare at her entranced, momentarily forgetting all about Janet. With no display of modesty whatsoever, she slipped

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out of the remaining garments and
heavenly-blew him a kiss. Then she
stepped to the end of the pier and
dove into the water. Jim hurried out
of the last of his clothes and followed
her. Their heads bobbed up together
and they called peeringly at Barry and
Janet. Then they began to splash
about like two happy children.

Burry and Janet went back into the cabin. He stood staring moodily out the window while she went to the record player and put on another disk. She returned to him and touched him gently on the cheek. He did not look at her. "I'm sorry, darling," she said. "What for?" he asked.

"For not being more like Rhonda. I saw the way you were looking at her." He tried to protest but she had a finger across his lips. "It's all right. I understand. She is very beautiful and full of life. It's easy to see how any man would be impressed by her."

He put his arms around her. "Don't be silly. I wouldn't trade you for a dozen like her. Do you think that I fell in love with you just because I wanted to go swimming nude with you?"

She cuddled against him. "It's not that I'm prudish. I admire her for having the courage to do things like that. But, well, I just wasn't brought up that way."

"And I wouldn't have loved you if you had been. Forget it. We'll have plenty of time for that when we're married."

She said in a small voice, unable to look up at him, "I think I could do it if we were alone. I just got frightened with them around."

He felt his pulse quicken. "You mean it?"

She nodded. "Come on!" he said, a note of urgency in his voice. He led her outside and a few hundred yards down the road. They found a small cove flanked with pines. He kissed her passionately and quickly began to undress. "Don't look at me," she said, "Until I'm finished. And promise you won't be disappointed. My figure isn't half as good as Rhonda's."

He turned his back to her and laughed. "You could never disappoint me."

Finally, long after he had shed his clothing and was burning with impatience, she said softly, "You can turn around now." He turned slowly and felt his breath catch in his throat as he beheld her. He had painted many nudes in art school but he knew without a doubt that her body was the most perfect figure he had ever seen. Edward's was earlier, yes. But it was

the popularized, exaggerated concept of sexiness, long-legged, big-busted, heavy-lipped and shaking loosely all over like jelly. Janet's flesh was firm and delicately molded along the classical lines of an ancient Greek statue. He wondered that he had never considered her beauty from an artistic point of view before. He must have been too much in love with her to notice. He decided to paint her when they returned to the city. It was more than a decision, it was an urgent necessity that every artistic fiber in him being called out for.

She began to fidget under his hungry gaze. "We'd better go into the water," she said. He nodded and walked to her. They clasped hands and walked together into the cool, quicksilver-like liquid. When they were chest-deep he took her in his arms and kissed her gently. Then they turned and swam side by side far out into the lake. There they rolled over on their backs and floated, looking up at the clear, glowing sky. "It's as though we were far out in space," she said. "Completely detached, free, a million miles from anything else."

"We are," he said, letting an arm drift around her shoulders. "Nothing else exists when we're together."

They swam slowly back to the beach and when they walked out of the water she left the last of her fear and inhibitions behind. He kissed her with the special kind of passion and self-confidence that only absolute ownership can give a man. He picked her up, sleek and dripping, and carried her into the shadow of the pines, unmindful of the sharp gravel beneath the tender soles of his bare feet. There, on a bed of soft ferns, they again drifted aloof and superior in their own private segment of eternity. When her soft cries of pain turned to low, ecstatic moaning he knew that he would never envy Jim Fraser and his kind again.

Afterwards they lay in each other's arms for a long time, unaware that the night had turned colder and puckered their drying skins with countless tiny bumps. "I'm glad we waited till now," he said.

"Yes," she said. "Everything was so perfect."

Suddenly the mood was shattered by an icy deluge of water cascading over them. As they thrashed about, spattering and shivering, he heard Rhonda's throaty laugh and Jim's hardy bellow.

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DOUBLE DATE

(Continued from Page 11)

more than anything else at that moment to kill Jim Fraser. But he knew that such a desire was unjustified. Jim was only being true to his own nature. He could not be blamed for that. Barry only pitied him, because he would never know the true meaning of the male-female relationship, as he and Janet had.

After a few crudely insinuating remarks Jim and Rhonda left them to dress in private. "How long do you think they were there?" Janet asked. "I don't know. I'm sure they didn't see us making love."

She shuddered. "I hope not." He kissed her tenderly. "It doesn't matter. Nothing could spoil it."

They returned to the cabin to find Jim and Rhonda dancing the Twist, the record player blaring so loud that its echo bounced back from the opposite shore of the lake. Jim winked knowingly at them, stopped Barry on the back, and forced drinks into their hands. When Barry suggested it was time they returned to the city, he insisted that they stay long enough to watch Rhonda demonstrate a new dance routine that she was preparing for a nightclub act.

They all settled back with fresh drinks and Rhonda turned the music and lights low. Then she began to perform a series of slow, sensual movements that appeared more sexually suggestive to Barry than any regular bump and grind number that he had ever seen.

To his surprise, he became so absorbed in the dance that he didn't notice the time slipping away or Jim constantly re-filling him and Janet's glasses. When at last he was able to tear his eyes away from Rhonda his head was spinning and Janet looked as dragged as he felt. Jim eased down beside him and started speaking in a low, hoarse voice. It was several moments before Barry realized that he was extolling Rhonda's virtues as a bed partner. "What are you talking about?" he said, trying to hide his excitement with feigned anger. "I already got a girl."

"Yeah," Jim said coarsely. "But one's not enough, old Buddy. A guy needs variety, or else he gets stale."

Rhonda was directly behind Barry now, awaying seductively, her full-

blown body straining at the thin fabric of her dress. Barry saw that she had not bothered to put on her underclothing after the swim. He licked his lips and tried to control his breathing. His hands ached to grasp those soft, quivering breasts.

"Just say the word, old Buddy," Jim whispered. "Just one little word and it's a deal."

With a tortured cry, half triumph, half surrender, Barry rose up and dragged the unteasing Rhonda to the day bed. He did not notice Jim lead Janet, stumbling and bleary-eyed, into the small bedroom.

He had never dreamed that there could be such strength and tenacity in a woman's limbs, such urgency. Rhonda was everything that Janet was not—active, violent, impetuous. He could never have loved her, but he was grateful for the experience she gave him and the unknown parts of himself that he discovered through it. When he finally lay exhausted beside her, he thought of the fun that he and Janet would have experimenting with the activities that Rhonda had acquainted him with.

The thought of Janet brought him bolt upright in a cold sweat. Where was she? Where was Jim? He leaped from the bed and dashed to the bedroom door. As he grasped the doorknob he froze, a sick, twisting sensation in the pit of his stomach. Through the door he heard Jim's voice and Janet, laughing.

Barry drove the Mercedes back down the mountain. Jim and Rhonda sprawled in the back seat sleeping like two well-fed animals. Janet sat beside him, staring straight ahead. He tried to speak several times, but nothing came out. As they passed through San Bernardino and swung onto the freeway he wondered what would happen if they tried to ignore this night and go ahead with the wedding as planned. How long would it take the acid of this memory to eat away their love and self-respect and leave them lusting at each other in barren bitterness? How soon would Janet prove herself incapable of satisfying the strange new appetites that Rhonda had awakened within him? And what about the appetites that Jim must have awakened in her? How many nights would their love-making be haunted by the fear of calling out, at the height of their passion, the name Jim or Rhonda? More than at any other time in his life, he wished that he was a healthy, brainless, animal like Jim Fraser.

When Janet got out of the car at her apartment house he knew that he would never see her again.

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Yes, the rumors are true. Just before she took her life, Marilyn Monroe asked one of the world's most talented photographers to shoot a series of studies revealing herself in the nude as she had never before permitted herself to be revealed.

These last nude photographs of Marilyn Monroe are without doubt the loveliest photographs ever taken of the most adored woman of our time. So dazzling are they, in fact, that Miss Monroe—who saw them before she died—specifically instructed the photographer to be sure to see that they were published.

These photographs of Marilyn Monroe in the full flower of her beauty are a fitting memento of the woman who did so much to rid our nation of the baneful effects of puritanism. Obviously, these are the photographs by which Marilyn Monroe wanted to be remembered.

A portfolio of these handsome photographs—comprising perhaps the greatest photographic essay of our time—will appear as a special feature in the next issue of EROS. The portfolio, 24 pages long, consists of almost 50 photographic studies, many in glorious color, together with the full story of how these pictures came to be taken.

This photographic essay—a collector's item never again obtainable—will appear exclusively in EROS and will be seen by no one but EROS subscribers.

What is EROS? EROS represents this country's first attempt to produce a really worthy magazine on the ever-fascinating subjects of Love and Sex. Until now, these subjects have been relegated to cheap and tawdry periodicals.

In EROS, the talents of the world's most gifted writers, artists and photographers have been mustered and applied to a periodical of elegance and grace. Subjects which customarily have been sensationalized or degraded are handled in EROS with dignity and good taste.

EROS is a unique intellectual commodity. It is literate without being scilly, bold without being sensational and artistic without being obscure.



"I have never quite understood this sex symbol business, but if I'm going to be a symbol of something, I'd rather have it sex than some of the other things they've got symbols for."—Marilyn Monroe

In a typical issue of EROS you will find such diverse (and often abstract) features as:

Masterpieces of Erotic Art. The unknown or long suppressed works of such masters as Rodin, Tintoretto, Rembrandt, Michelangelo, Hogarth, Toulouse-Lautrec and Picasso.

Was Shakespeare a Homosexual? A problem which has perplexed scholars for centuries is tackled by a noted biographer. **The Erotic Sculpture of Iphigeneia.** Twenty-two pages of statuary in a forthcoming issue of EROS depict the Hindu Art of Love, with text by the distinguished author Sushila Rama Rao.

Slave Owners and Negro Concubines. Reappraisal of a little-known chapter of ante-bellum history.

The Secret Message of Lady Chatterley's Lover. A fascinating article on a peculiar form of love making which D. H. Lawrence appears to have been advocating as his most widely read novel, unbeknown to many of his readers.

The Contraceptive Industry. A review in the manner of FORTUNE magazine of one of America's least-known-but most lucrative businesses.

Vice in Old New York. A guided tour of the quarters of an chat peckmarked "New Sodom," in the city was called in Victorian times.

Dr. Theodor Reik on Erotomania. Cases of insatiable sexual passion described and analyzed by one of the world's most distinguished psychoanalysts.

From a 19th Century Aphrodisiac Book. A selection of amazing recipes with descriptions of the results they were supposed to have effected.

"1601" by Mark Twain. The complete text of this long-suppressed masterpiece of which Twain himself said, "If there is a decent word findable in it, it is because I overlooked it."

The President's Daughter. The story of a book suppressed during the 1930s in which a certain Miss Max Brown gave an account of a six year long relationship with an American President which culminated in the birth of a daughter out of wedlock.

America's Greatest Sex Experiment. An account of the mass test of "omnigamy" that took place at Onondaga, N. Y., during the second half of the 19th Century. Every adult male had call on every adult female in this unprecedented experiment in communal conjugal relations.

In short, EROS is the mirror of love in the belles lettres and beaux arts of mankind. In format, EROS resembles the most costly of art books. It is folio size and onebound in hard covers for permanent preservation. Each issue looks like an expensive

limited edition volume (which, in a sense, it is, since EROS is published in an edition of only 75,000 copies).

The Saturday Review has dubbed EROS "The American Heritage of the bedroom."

Variety says: "EROS may replace bachelor exchange."

The San Francisco Chronicle says: "EROS takes the fig leaves off statues and there is nothing wrong with that, it is a status symbol on the coffee tables of our society."

The cost of single issues of EROS is \$10 and annual subscriptions sell for \$25. However, if you take advantage of our special Charter Subscription Offer which is available for a limited time only, you will receive a full year of EROS—four quarterly issues—for only \$19.50!

If you subscribe now, not only will you receive the issue containing the memorable Marilyn Monroe photographs but you will also obtain Charter Subscriber status which en-

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We urge you to subscribe now before the issue containing the Marilyn Monroe photographs is sold out.

Note: If you wish to purchase only the issue containing the Marilyn Monroe photographs, but you do not wish to subscribe to a full year of EROS, you may do so by checking the appropriate box in the coupon and remitting only \$10.

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